

A  
SVVARME  
OF  
SECTARIES, AND  
SCHISMATIQVES:

Wherein is discovered the strange preaching (or prating) of such as are by their trades  
Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sow-  
gelders, and Chymney Sweepers.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

*The Cobler preaches, and his Audience are  
As wise as Mosse was, when he caught his Mare.*



Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily. betwixt  
hawke and buzzard. 1641.

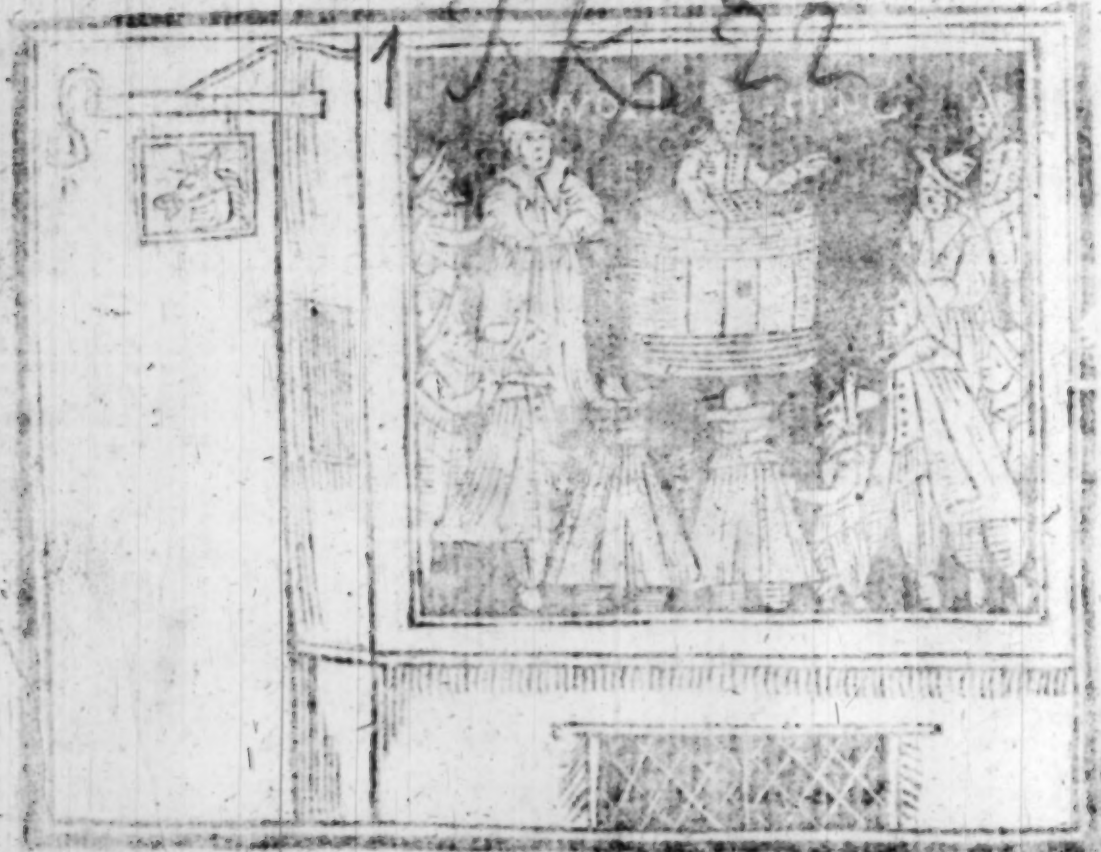
A  
SVARME  
O F  
SECTARIES, AND  
SCHISMATICS:

Wherin is discovered the strange pro-  
ceedings (or practices) of the same by their trades

Copiers, Tinkers, Sawyers, &c.



The Copiers, Tinkers, Sawyers, &c.  
As well as those who are engaged in the same.



Printed luckily, and may be read unapprehensively, by  
any one who is able to read.



(11)  
The ods or difference betwixt the  
Knaves Puritan, and the Knave  
P U R I T A N.

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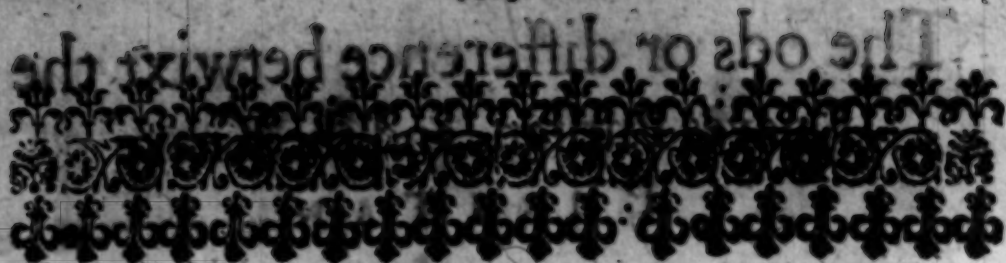
*And first of the Knaves Puritan.*

**H**E E that resists the world, the flesh, and Fiend,  
And makes a conscience how his daies he spend  
Who hates excessive drinking, Drabs and Dice  
And (in his heart) hath God in highest price;  
That lives conformable to Law, and State,  
Nor from the Truth will flie or separate;  
That will not sweare, or cotizen, cogge, or lie,  
But strives (in Gods feare) how to live and die:  
He that seekes thus to do the best he can,  
He is the Knaves abused Puritan.

---

*The Knave Puritan.*

**H**E whose best good, is only good to seeme,  
And seeming holy, gets some false esteeme:  
Who makes Religion hide a pocrisie,  
And zeale to cover other many;  
Whose purity (much) like the devils Ape  
Can shift himself into an Angels shape,  
And play the Rascall most devoutly trim,  
Not caring who sinks, so himself may swim:  
Hee's the Knave Puritan, and only He,  
Makes the Knaves Puritan abus'd to be.  
For (in this life) each man his lot must take,  
Good men must suffer wrong for bad mens sake.



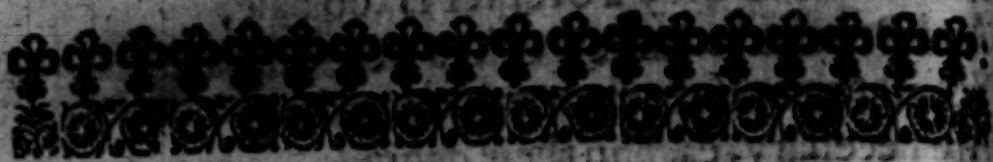
*To be that will.*

**T**Hou that this little Book in hand dost take,  
Of what thou readst no false construction  
Be not prejudicate, to carp, or grudge, (make  
And look thou understand before thou judge :  
My Muse is Musically, and runs division,  
And holds all Critick Cockcombs in derision.  
The wretch, that true Religion doth despise,  
Is like the Atheist, that his God denies,  
And those that do contemne Religious Rites,  
Must look for portions with the hypocrites :  
And therefore with all Reverend due respects  
To Truth, I have displaid some peevish Seats,  
Full of foule errors, poore, and bare of fence,  
Yet tending to some dangerous consequences.  
'Tis past a Butchers *swore* *revch*,  
To pearch into a Pulpit *to preach*,  
A pot, a platter, dripping pan, or spit,  
Are for a Ladies Bed-chamber unfit,  
Rich Hangings, Curtaines, Carpets, garments gay  
Doe not become a Kitchen any way.  
A Preachers work is not to gelde a Sowe,  
Unseemly 'tis a Iudge should milke a Cowe :  
A Cobler to a Pulpit should not moune,  
Nor can an Ass cast up a true account.



A Clowne to sway a Scepter is too base,  
 And Princes to turne Pedlers were disgrace:  
 Yet all these, if they not misplaced be,  
 Are necessary, each in their degree,  
 If each within their limits be contain'd,  
 Peace flourisheth, and concord is maintain'd.  
 The good man *Iob* describes it plain and right,  
 Where order is not, darknesse, and the light  
 Are both alike, for blindfold Ignorance  
 Of perfect wisdom hath no glimpse or glance.  
 But such as 'gainst all order doe rebell,  
 Let them not doe as did *Achitophell*,  
 To set his house in order home went he,  
 But what became of him, pray reade and see.  
 Kinde Brethren, I doe wish you better fortune,  
 And with tongue, pen, and heart, I you importune  
 To have the patience but to heare, or reade  
 What kinde of fellowes doe you thus misleade;  
 I doe inveigh here with impartiall pen  
 Against no silenc'd, learned Clergy men,  
 Nor any man that understands me right,  
 But will approve these lines which here I write:  
 For let base spight say what it dare or can,  
 I know, what's writ, offends no honest man.  
 I write of some, that with tongue, pen and print  
 Have writ and rail'd, as if the devill were in't.  
 I could name many of that precious crew,  
 And for a taste I will recite a few.

*Iob 10.22**2 Sam. 17  
23.*



First, of one that was a Merchant  
of Pritchards, Black pots, Double lugges,  
and Pipkins, and was forward to preach,  
not being called or sent.

**N**Eare to the lower end of Cheapside late,  
There dwelt one *Knight* that sold much brittle  
As glasses, earthen dishes, pans and platters, & plates,  
Pots, pipkins, gallipots, and such like matters.  
This *Knight* the Brethren (by appointment sent  
To Loving-land, (an Isle) in Suffolk went,  
And at a Village (Summerlayten high)  
A Sermon there was preached by that *Knight*.  
His prayer extemp're done, he op'd the book,  
And *Unto a Childe is borne*, he took  
To be his Text, and handled it so gravely,  
That for it did in Yarmouth Gaole, the *Knave* lie.  
*Knight* had to aide him to negotiate,  
One *Gault* (a Shoemaker) As sociate,  
Both which were quickly to promotion risen,  
Preferr'd from Yarmouth, unto Norwich prison.  
From thence *Knight* was unto the Gatehouse brought  
Whence upon Baile, his liberty he sought,  
And was bail'd, but his baile And he both fled  
To Amsterdam, and there he published

Strang



Strange Libels, full of mischief and debate, (State.  
Which here were scatterd 'gainst the Church and  
Whereby he to the world did plaine reveale  
His mallapert, most saucie, purblind zeale.

*Another sweet youth in a Basket.*

**O** Ne *Sadrach Cave* made Baskets late in Elic,  
A constant brother, rais'd up his maids belly :  
But 'twas in Gandermonth, his wife lay in,  
His flesh rebell'd, and tempted him to sin ;  
And *Cave's* wife tooke the wrong most patiently,  
For which the Brethren prais'd her sanctity.

*A third Bird of the same Nest.*

(mouth

**A** Nother (one *John Howgrave*) dwelt at Yar-  
(Not hot, or cold, but with a meere lukewarm-  
From country, wife & household late he fled (mouth)  
To Rotterdam, for's Conscience as he sed ;  
At *John Burgaries* house, he took his Inne,  
And woo'd his Hostesse to the Paphean sin.  
*Burgaries* wife by him with childe was got,  
That *Howgrave* fearing Rotterdam too hot,  
Fled back to Yarmouth, whence at first he came ;  
His fault was knowne, and he chid for the same :  
He said it was not he did that vile deed,  
But sin that dwelt in him that fault did breed ;  
And that the devill should more damnation win,  
For tempting Gods deare childe to such a sin.

*Another*

*Another like that.*

**O**F young, and old, both sexes late, a crew  
 were bound from England old, to Engl: new:  
 And staying long at Yarmouth there together,  
 Expecting Ships for passage, winde and weather,  
 A Brother came to *Hewgraves* wife, and kist her,  
 And told her sad newes of a new falne sister,  
 Falne (quoth she) from the Word? I hope not that,  
 And let her fall then, to no matter what:  
 Ah no, shee's fowly got with childe (quoth he)  
 Now out upon her, pray by whom (quoth she)  
 'Twas by a faithfull Brother he replide,  
 Well, well, quoth she, we all have gone aside;  
 If 'twere a Brothers, deed she could not shun it,  
 But 'thad been naught, had one of th'wicked done it.

*A precious youth.*

**A**Lso one *Spilsbery* rose up of late,  
 (Who doth, or did dwell over *Aldersgate*)  
 His office was to weigh Hay by the Trusse,  
 (Fit for the pallat of *Bucephalus*)  
 He in short time left his Hay-weighing trade,  
 And afterwards he Irish Stockings made:  
 He rebaptiz'd in Anabaptist fashion  
 One *Eaton* (of the new found separation)  
 A zealous Button maker, grave and wise,  
 And gave him orders, others to baptize;

Who



Who was so apt to learne that in one day,  
 Hee'd do't as well as *Spilsbery* weigh'd Hay.  
 This pure Hay-lay man to the Bankside came,  
 And likewise there baptiz'd an impure dame,  
 A Basket-makers wife, known wondrous well,  
 In Moss his Alley he and she doth dwell.

---

*As good as the rest.*

**A**T Brentford dwels the widdow Constable,  
 (As wise as was the Dean of Dunstable)  
 Her husband dy'd, and she great hast did make,  
 Our Church, and Churches doctrine to forsake;  
 Professing purity, chaste, undefil'd,  
 Yet in a Gravell pit was got with child,  
 And now she bids Religion quite adieu,  
 Turn'd from a Nonconformist, to a Jew.

---

**T**Hese kind of Vermin swarm like Caterpillars  
 And hold Conventicles in Barnes and Sellars,  
 Some preach (or prate) in woods, in fields, in stables,  
 In hollow trees, in tubs, on tops of tables,  
 To the expence of many a tallow Tapor,  
 They tolle the holy Scripture into Vapor:  
 These are the Rabshekaes that raile so bitter,  
 (Like mungrill Whelpes of Hells infernall litter)  
 Against that Church that hath baptiz'd and bred  
 And like a loving mother, nurs't & fed them, (them,  
 With milk, with strong meats, with the bread of  
 Like a true mother, and our Saviours wife. (life,  
 Here



Here followeth the Relation of the  
most famous preaching Cobler *Samuel*  
*Howe.*

---

**O**F late a wondrous accident befell,  
 A zealous Cobler did neare Morefields dwell :  
 A holy Brother of the Separation,  
 A sanctified member by Vocation.  
 One that did place his principall delight,  
 To set such as doe walke aside, upright,  
 To mend bad Soales, and such as go astray,  
 Discreetly to support, and underlay.  
 This Reverend translating Brother (*H o w*)  
 Puts both his hands unto the spirituall Plow ;  
 And at the Nags head, neare to Coleman-streete,  
 A most pure crew of Brethren there did meete,  
 Where their devotion was so strong and ample,  
 To turne a sinfull Taverne to a Temple,  
 They banish'd Bacchus thence, and some smal space  
 The drawers and the Bar-boy had some grace.  
 There were above a hundred people there,  
 With whom few understanders mingled were,  
 Who came to heare the learned Cobler *H o w*,  
 And how he preach'd, pray mark, He tell you now :  
He



He did addresse himselfe in such a fashion  
 As well befitted such a Congregation.  
 He made some faces, with his hands erected,  
 His eyes (most whitest white) to heaven directed:  
 His hum, his stroking of his beard, his spitting,  
 His postures, and impostures done most fitting.  
 A long three quarters prayer being said,  
 (The good man knowing scarce for what he prai'd)  
 For where his speech lack'd either fence or weight,  
 He made it up in measure and conceit.  
 A worthy Brother gave the Text, and than  
 The Cobler (H o w) his preachment strait began  
 Extemp'ry without any meditation,  
 But only by the Spirits revelation,  
 He went through-stitch, now hither, & now thither,  
 And tooke great paines to draw both ends together:  
 For (like a man inspir'd from Amsterdam)  
 He scorn'd *Nesutor ultra crepidam*;  
 His Text he clouted, and his Sermon welted,  
 His audience (with devotion) almost melted,  
 His speech was neither studied, chew'd or champ'd,  
 Or ruminated, but most neatly vamp'd.  
 He ran beyond his latchet I assure ye,  
 As nimble as a Fairie, or a Furie:  
 He fell couragiously upon the Beast,  
 And very daintily the Text did wrest; (him,  
 His audience wondred what strange power did guide  
 'Tis thought no man can do the like beside him.  
 Yet some there were, whose censures were more quicker,  
 Said Calveskin doct'rin would hold out no liquor.  
 'Gainst Schooles, and learning he exclaim'd amain,  
 Tongues, Science, Logick, Rhetorick, all are vain,

And wisdom much unfitting for a Preacher,  
 Because the Spirit is the only teacher.  
 For Christ chose not the Rabines of the Jewes,  
 No Doctors, Scribes, or Pharisees did chuse:  
 The poore unlearned simple Fisherman,  
 The poling, strict tole-gathering Publican,  
 Tent-makers, and poore men of meane desert,  
 Such as knew no degrees, or grounds of Art;  
 And God still being God (as he was then)  
 Still gives his Spirit to unlearned men,  
 Such as are Barbers, Mealmen, Brewers, Bakers,  
 Religious Sowgelders, and Button-makers,  
 Coopers, and Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers,  
 And Chimney sweepers, by whose good endeavours  
 The flock may fructifie, encrease, and breed  
 In sanctity, that from them may proceed  
 Whole multitudes of such a generation,  
 As may hold learning in small estimation.  
 The Latine is the language of the Beast,  
 Of Romes great Beast, that doth the world molest;  
 Besides the Bishops speake it when they will,  
 And all the Preachers babble Latine still;  
 Then since it is the Romish tongue, therefore  
 Let us that doe not Antichrist adore,  
 Leave it to Lawyers, Gentlemen, and such  
 Whose studies in the Scriptures are not much.

This



**T**His was the very summe, the root, and pith,  
 The Coblers Lecture was full furnish'd with:  
 And having said his *All* (his prayer past)  
 He blest his Brethren, and came to his Last.  
 And in some points, the Coblers case is cleare,  
 Christ chose not learned men when he was here,  
 Not Masters, or expounders of the Law,  
 (For he knew all things, and all things foresaw)  
 For had he chose great men of wealth & arts, (harts)  
 The Jewes (with slanderous tongues and hardened  
 Would then have said, that what he did, or said  
 Was done by their assistance, and their aide.  
 He therefore chose poore men in meanes & tongue,  
 That by weak means he might confound the strong.  
 Yet this is certain, that at Pentecost,  
 (When on th' Apostles fell the holy Ghost)  
 Each of them spake, each severall language then,  
 And were, and ne're shall be such learned men.  
 Not all the Universities that are,  
 Or were, or will be, with them may compare,  
 For never Bishops, or Divines inferiours,  
 But did acknowledge them for their superiours  
 For sanctity, and working Miracles,  
 For preaching sacred heavenly Oracles,  
 For perfect knowledge, and integrity,  
 For life and doctrines pure sincerity  
 Th' Apostles had more tha then whole world had,  
 Therefore the Cobar and his crew are mad.

*Objection.*

**B**ut some(perhaps) may answer me, that then  
 No humane learning did inspire those men.  
 And that the Spirits mighty operation  
 Gave them the language of each severall Nation:  
 Indeed true Christian Churches have confest,  
 That long agoe all miracles are ceast,  
 We must not look for signes and wonders now,  
 God plentifully doth his Word allow,  
 And Tongues are not so easily discern'd,  
 But men must study for them, to be learn'd.  
 For when the Apostles all were gone and dead,  
 By learned men the Gospell was or'espread:  
 And publish'd, and translated every where,  
 Else we had never had a Bible here.  
 'Twas Schollers, and grave learned men that did  
 Translate the Scriptures, which had still been hid  
 From all Sects, that would Order undermine,  
 Maintaining learning fits not a Divine.  
 Therefore if they(as they doe boast) inherite  
 So large a measure of th'unmeasur'd Spirit,  
 Let them speak tongues, as then the Apostles spake,  
 To work great wonders let them undertake;  
 Let them convert unto the Faith of Christ  
 Whole nations (whom the devil hath long entic'd.)  
 Let them the Moores, and barbarous Indians reach,  
 And to Man-eating Canniballs goe preach:  
 Let all those Brethren leave great Britaines Coast,  
 And travaile where the devill is honour'd most.

All



All you that are this Kingdomes pestilence,  
I wish you goe, and drive the devils thence;  
And then my Muse and I, in Verse will tell,  
You and your Spirit have done wondrous well.



A Short relation of some of the  
mighty Miracles done by the Apostles in  
the name and power of I E S U S.

**T**Hree thousand Soules, *S. Peter* in one day,  
By preaching, turn'd into the heavenly way;  
He cur'd the Cripple, reade but *Acts the third,*  
Strooke dead two deep dissemblers with his word:  
Cur'd old *Aeneas*, palsied, weak, and lame,  
These things Saint *Peter* did in *Iesus* name.  
Cur'd people with his shadow, and reviv'd  
*Tabitha* (whom Death had of life depriv'd,  
And after (fetter'd) in close prison shut,  
An Angell him at liberty did put.  
Let me see one of you such rare things doe,  
And then Ile say you have the Spirit too.  
Saint *Paul* gave *Sergius Paulus* heavenly light,  
Inchanting *Elimas* he reav'd of sight;  
Did *Lidia* and the Jaylour both convert,  
And did the holy Ghost to twelve impart,  
And they straitwaies spake severall tongues most  
And I believe ne're went to schoole again. (plain,  
If

If Napkins or handkerchiefes did but touch  
 The corpes of *Paul*, the force of faith was such,  
 That fiends did flie, and vexed soules had rest;  
 And from posselt men devils were disposselt,  
 And were but some of you well hang'd or whip'd,  
 And that your shirts were from your corpes strip'd  
 Or else your whip, or halter well would try,  
 If (by their touch) they'd make the devils flie,  
 And leave possession, I dare lay my life  
 There's many a man would use them on his wife.  
 But no such vertue doth from you ensue,  
 For if there did, the devill would flie from you.  
 Sweet Brethren of the Sect of *Ignoramus*,  
 You that despise *Te Deum* and *Laudamus*,  
 You that doe for our humane learning blame us,  
 I wonder what Religion you would frame us;  
 You, without any learning, barbarous, rude,  
 How dare you sacrilegiously intrude  
 In Church-affaires, not being call'd or sent,  
 And with your brazen faces impudent,  
 To pick Gods secret Closset ope, and pry  
 (Most saucy) In th' Almightyes secrecy:  
 Is't not enough, you have his Will reveal'd,  
 But you'le needs know his secret will conceal'd,  
 Break up the closset doore, and boldly get  
 Into th' eternall, heavenly Cabinet.  
 This is a theft contemptible most high,  
 (Transcendent Felony and Burglary) (look  
 And those proud thieves, at doomes day must not  
 To be repriev'd, or saved by their booke.  
 Some there have been, so malapertly mad,  
 To guesse what talk Christ with the Doctors had:



To know where M<sup>rs</sup> body buried lies,  
Where Eden garden was, or paradice  
What God did doe Before the world began,  
And where hell stands (appointed for the damned)  
These curious Confitables would search and peepe  
Through heaven, earth, sea, and th<sup>e</sup> infernal deep,  
And for their needles, studies, paines, and care,  
They do conclude (like Cox-combs) as they are,  
In boasting knowledge they themselves advance,  
When all their skill is blinded ignorance  
All you of this pore self-conceited Sect  
That brag your selves to be the Lords Elect,  
Me thinkes it is too much for you or yours,  
To be Gods Courtiers, not his Counsellours;  
Where have you that rare revelation found,  
The Scriptures cloest mysteries to expound:  
Is it because you wit and learning want,  
Or will the truth dwell with the ignorant:  
Must the best preachers be unlearned fooles?  
Then downe with Universities and Schooles,  
Your Libraries, your Halls, and Colledges,  
If ignorance surpasse your knowledges.  
The word of God was faithfully translated  
By learned men, o're-spread and propagated;  
'Twas done by Schollers, had it not been done  
Till you had don't, we all had been undone.  
Ye'r bid to search the Scriptures, tis confess,  
You are not bid the Scriptures sence to wrest,  
To metamorphose, alter, wring, and wrie  
Gods Word according to your fantasie,  
Ye have leave to heare, or reade it, tis not fit  
You, or your Kennell should interpret it;

And

C

For

Exod. 39.  
12.

2 Sam. 6.  
19.

2 Sam. 6.  
7.

For should we trust to your interpretation,  
We should have an unhandsome Congregation.  
When God declar'd his Law in dreadfull thunder  
Upon Mount Sinai, full of feare and wonder,  
"Twas present death to any that was there,  
That dar'd to touch the hill, or come too neere,  
When as the Ark was back return'd again,  
That seven monthes with the Philistines had lain,  
Then fifteen hundred Bethshemites were strooke  
Stark dead, for daring in the Ark to looke.  
When *Uzzab*, fearing that the Ark would fall,  
Put to his hand, was straight strook dead withall,  
His office only was to drive the Cart,  
To touch the Arke was no part of his part.  
Since *Uzzab* for his good will to hold up  
The falling Ark, did taste deathes bitter cup,  
Since those that once to looke into it dar'd,  
Or those that toucht Mount Sinai were not spar'd,  
What can a Coblent look for, or a Knave,  
Who in the Church (or Arke) no function have,  
Yet dares most saucily to preach and prate  
Against all orders, learning, Church and State.  
It is most lamentable that so far,  
Men so belorded, or be-devill'd are,  
That witlesse Rascals are held more divine  
Then *Ierome*, *Ambrose*, *Gregorie*, *Augustine*,  
Or all the ancient Fathers (in a word),  
Their learnings and their labours held absurd,  
By scabs, and varlets, of no worth or merit,  
But impious boasting of th'inspiring Spirit;  
And had each one of you his right and due,  
Your spirit should be sharply whip'd from you,  
And



And when you felt the acutenesse of the lash,  
 You would esteeme your doctrine Balderdash,  
 For in Saint *Aspin*'s time, he made complaint,  
 That eighty two Sects did the Church annoy,  
 Since when, could I all Heresies recount,  
 The number (trouble) treble will amount;  
 Yet in that Fathers daies, that reverend man  
 Did ne're heare of the Sect call'd Puritan,  
 And sure the name of Puritan doth yeeld  
 A good mans nickname, and a bad mans shield,  
 It is a cover for a cheating Knave,  
 And 'tis a jeare, a good man to deprave;  
 But both the good and bad, what are they be,  
 They get no name of Puritan from me.  
 I write of Separatists, and Schismaticques,  
 Of shallow-pated, harebrain'd Heretiques,  
 Such as doe make the Text a Lesbian rule,  
 Whose faith or reason (like the Horse or Mule)  
 Whom neither Law, or sence can curb or bridle,  
 Who ne're are well imploy'd, nor never idle.  
 A man may well compare those Separatists  
 Unto the hot Gun-powder Romanists,  
 For though they doe each other deadly hate,  
 And one the other faine would ruinate,  
 Yet both in their conclusions doe agree,  
 The ruine of our Church and State to be.  
 Their head's (like *Sampsons* Foxes) sundred wide,  
 But yet their tailes are fast together ty'd;  
 For both doe joyntly joyn, and both desire,  
 With fire-brand zeale to set our *Corn* on fire.  
 To spoile our Government established,  
 And (through the world) most famous published,

They joyne together to consume and burne,  
 And with confusion waite and overturne  
 All ancient order, rule, and decency,  
 And doctrine, from the prime antiquity.  
 Thus both the grounds, & aimes of both those Sects  
 Agree both (in their railes) for their effects, (sever,  
 How e're their heads, East, West, South, North, may  
 Their ends are one, to seek our downfal ever.  
 And of these two opposers (I le bar swearing)  
 'Tis hard to know which barrell's better Herring  
 But (of the twaine) a man shall alwaies finde  
 The Schismaticke most obstinate inclin'd,  
 And the more ignorant he is, the worse,  
 Most stubborne, fencelesse, shallow in discourse;  
 The Papist makes some shew of wit and sence,  
 And seeming reason for his false pretence,  
 And from him I may something gain, whereby  
 My faith (more firmly) I may fortifie;  
 For though I doe not credit his dispute,  
 Yet (by disputing) I may gaine some fruit.  
 But from the other side I dare presume,  
 I shall have nothing else but froth and fume,  
 With hasty answers, peevish, testy, snappish,  
 Untoward, wayward, nonsense, fruitlesse, apish.  
 These, none but these hold learning in disdain,  
 And all for use divine, accus't, and vaine,  
 All humane knowledge therefore they detest,  
 Th'unlearn'd (they say) do know the Scriptures best.  
 That humane learning breeds confusion,  
 Most fit for Egypt, Rome, and Babylon,  
 And that the learned ones were, are, and shall  
 Be ignorant of humane learning all.

These



These with some other idle fancies mix'd,  
 In their unfix'd opinions are all fix'd.  
 But stay (my Muse) hold, whither wilt thou gad?  
 The learned Reader here will thinke thee mad.  
 Because thou art so tiring, tedious, long  
 About these Screechowles with thy Cuckoes song:  
 And though I seeme those Caitiffes to condemne,  
 Yet idle babbling makes me seeme like them.  
 'Tis best therefore, no longer time to spend,  
 But some few lines, and briefly make an end.

A Zealous brother did a sister meete,  
 And greeted sweetly in the open streete;  
 Thou holy woman, where hast been said he,  
 I came from a baptizing Sir (quoth she)  
 Pray whose childe was it (he again requires)  
 She answerd, such a Taylors in Black-fryers,  
 Hee's one of us, the man reply'd again,  
 Hee's one (quoth she) that doth the truth maintain;  
 Quoth he, what might the childe baptized be?  
 Was it a Male S H E, or a Female H E?  
 I know not which, but 'tis a Son she said,  
 Nay then (quoth he) a wager may be laid;  
 It had some Scripture name, yes, so it had  
 Said she, but my weak memorie's so bad  
 I have forgot it, 'twas a godly name,  
 Though out of my remembrance be the same;  
 'Twas one of the small Prophets verily,  
 It was not Esay, nor yet Ieremie,  
 Ezekiel, Daniel, nor good Obadias,  
 And now I doe remember, 'twas Goliath.

**A** Nother sifter (as the Spirit rap't her)  
 Said to her Boy, come firrha, read a Chapter  
 The Boy put d on the Book, and fumbling for  
 And had more minde to be at Ball or Game;  
 His mother said, why dost not read thou knave;  
 The Boy ask'd her what Chapter she would have;  
 Thou paltry Imp (quoth she) canst thou finde none  
 Twixt Genesis, and Revelation;  
 To learne thy duty, read no more but this,  
 Pauls nineteenth Chapter unto Genesis.

**O** N London Bridge I lately did confer  
 About some businesse with a Stationer:  
 A young man came into the Shop, and sought  
 Some holy Ballads, which he view'd and bought,  
 And there he pray'd the Shop-keeper to looke  
 The Epistles of Saint Ouid (a fine Book)  
 Upon Saint Peter, Paul, Iohn, Jude, or James,  
 They will not put the Saint unto their names,  
 But yet their ignorance impure, precise,  
 A heathen Poets name can Canonize.

**O** Ne Mapleton, at Reding late did dwell:  
 Because his flesh did gainst his minde rebell,  
 He cut it off so close unto the stump,  
 That he scarce left himselfe a pissing pump;  
 And hee's one of those wise men, and twere good  
 That all the Tribe of his sweet Brotherhood

Another

Would



Would follow his example on themselves  
 Then they would not longer more grow  
 Then peace and rest our Church and State should  
 All windmills, and vagaries of the brain (gain;  
 Would from unquiet *England* banish'd be,  
 And from disturbance we should soon be free.  
 These, with the rest (unknowne) may be compar'd,  
 Whose love to learning I have plain declar'd.  
 To wofull passe our Church were quickly brought:  
 If these companions had but what they sought,  
 From Rome, from them, from all that wrong us thus  
 Good Lord of Heaven And Earth deliver US.

D. 1000  
 N. 1000  
 N. 1000

Then peace and rest our Church and State should  
 All windmills, and vagaries of the brain  
 Would from unduict England banish'd be,  
 And from disturbance we should soon be free.  
 These, with the rest (unknown) may be compar'd,  
 Whose love to learn again declar'd.

### Postscript.

To wotill passe our Church were quickly brought  
 These companions had but what they thought  
 From Rome, and from the East, and from the West  
 Good I shall not in Gall of Aspes be left.

I'll pray we may have better in their places,  
 Whom Grace may guide, to shun the like disgraces;  
 Let tradesmen use their trades, let all men be  
 Imploy'd in what is fitting their degree,  
 And let the Pastors Urym, and his Thummim  
 Be upright, and sincere (as doth become him)  
 Let each man doe his best, himselfe i' amend,  
 And all our troubles soone will have an E N D.

'Tis madnesse, that a crew of brainlesse blocks  
 Dares teach the learned what is Orthodoxe.



